

How smooth would be the rugged path of life, how easy would be the rudest task, and how much lighter would be the toilsome burden of our earthly pilgrimage, were this heavenly virtue more practised in every department of life.—Sympathise, then, ye whom God has provided for more bountifully than your neighbor, with those less favored, and in the Great Future you will reap an eternal reward.—*Amenia Times*. \*\*



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1856.

## SPIRITUALISM "CONSIDERED AND ANALYZED PHYSIOLOGICALLY."

NO. IV.

When Dr. Norton reduced the analysis of his experience as a "writing medium" to a "dream," he virtually abandoned the scientific platform and inductive philosophy to become a theorist and a dreamer. His own concession is proof of this, as well as the method employed in the investigation, for he has not only failed to throw light on the phenomena of Spiritualism in general, but fails in explaining his own experience. Both of these, however, we had a right to expect, considering the pretensions made to physiological and psychological knowledge, as it was in the name and by virtue of these twin sisters of a reliable anthropology, the mystery was to be solved.

The conclusion, therefore, is both impotent and unprofitable, since obviously, there is no explanation in making "the medium" and "the dreamer" convertible terms, when the revelations and other psychical experiences of the latter, have ever been as much a mystery to the learned world as the manifestations of the former are perplexing to the seers of our age. Confessedly, therefore, science has but little light to shed upon the mysteries of Spiritualism, since the experiences of the medium, and the phenomena developed through him or her, is both unknown to, and unrecognized by the prevailing philosophies of the times.

As, however, Drs. Carpenter and Norton recognized the phenomena of "automatic thought" and "involuntary cerebration," we will illustrate some of said phenomena, by physiological, phenological and mesmeric facts, that we may ascertain, if possible, what are the characteristics of "involuntary cerebration," and how far, if at all, they antagonize the philosophy of Spiritualism. It should be borne in mind, at the same time, that Dr. Norton accepted the theory of "automatic thought" and involuntary cerebration, that he might be able to account for the varied and wonderful manifestations, developed through him and other media, without recognizing the agency of the *evil*, or the ministry of Spirits.

The argument turns therefore on the possibility of such manifestations, independent of these known agencies.

We think the *possibility* of such manifestations, without the presence and influence of an *ab extra* force on the mind, has been already made evident in this review, but to demonstrate the argument we submit the following facts:

"Sir Humphrey Davy, early in life, assisted Dr. Beddoes in his experiment on the inhalation of nitrous oxide. Dr. Beddoes having inferred that the oxide must be a specific for palsy, a patient was selected for trial, and placed under the care of Davy. Previously to administering the gas, Davy inserted a small thermometer under the tongue of the patient to ascertain the temperature. The paralytic man, wholly ignorant of the process to which he was to submit, but, deeply impressed by Dr. Beddoes with the certainty of its success, no sooner felt the thermometer between his teeth than he concluded the talisman in operation, and, in a burst of enthusiasm, declared that he already experienced the effects of its benign influence throughout his whole body. The opportunity was too tempting to be lost. Davy did nothing more, but desired his patient to return on the following day. The same ceremony was repeated; the same result was followed; and at the end of a fortnight he was *discharged cured*,—no remedy of any kind except the thermometer having ever been used."

The phenomena in this case, was so obviously the result of external impression, made on the sensitive organism of the man, that it suggested to these two learned and experienced *Seers*, the propriety of converting "an accident" into an experiment. The phenomenon, however, although essentially *spiritual*, was dependent in a measure, on the automatic action of the nervous system, simply because, so long as the Spirit is connected with the body, there is a mutual and reciprocal action of the one upon the other. This must be conceded, for all we know of man, psychologically and pathologically, endorses the conclusion. Indeed, it is only by accepting these facts, that we have even a *proximate* philosophy to account for the variations, fluctuations, and fragmentary developments of the mind. Take the following as an illustration:

"I will relate a single fact, which occurred at a public test-examination in Fairhaven, Massachusetts, December, 1837, before an audience of over two hundred persons. It being a blindfold test-examination, some anti-phenologists had gone several miles to procure for the occasion a mathematical fool. After having examined Captain Bennett, and ascribed to him superior talents and moral worth, this fool was sent up as a contrast. At first I hesitated, saying, 'Ladies and gentlemen, you must excuse me from proceeding.' 'Go on, go on,' was the unanimous response. I replied, 'Well, if I must, I must, but I tell you what, if I do, I shall make a big hit, or a great mistake; that is all. First, then, his reasoning powers are small, so that he cannot think, or reason, or understand anything. He is a natural fool, and destitute of the moral organs at that. Secondly, but here is huge calculation. He delights and excels in reckoning figures in his head.'

Here Dr. Sawyer interrupted, by asking "how he could be a fool, and yet excel in arithmetic." This is contrary to reason." I replied, "Reasonable or unreasonable, it is the fact. I appeal to those who know him if it is not." 'It is so,' 'It is the fact,' responded several who knew him. 'He is a perfect master of arithmetic, and will sit up half the night poring over and solving sums, and takes the greatest pleasure in it; but doesn't know enough to take care of himself,' said one who knew him well. I replied, 'You see doctor, what the fact is. Now, will you have the goodness to

\* 'Yes, for does not our skepticism in reference to the *mediums* from the land of spirits arise from inadequate knowledge of the nature of the soul? We need to reconsider our psychology; there is nothing inconsistent, there is everything consistent with Christian revelation in the idea of spiritual appearances. Our notions of the spiritual world have been inadequate; they have emanated from misbelief; in our talk of the next world, we have rushed into two of the most opposite extremes, we have sensationalized the next world until we have made it sometimes gross and stagnant like that which now we live, or we have made it an abstraction, until every vestige of reality, of form, of emotion, of color, nay, of life, had passed away from it.'—*E. P. Hoar's Dream Land and Ghost Land*, pp. 16-17.

† A. Combe's Principles of Physiology, pp. 272-3.

explain how this is, for you are under just as much obligation to do so as I am." It was a poser. He gave up beat. "Now, sir, said I, 'I will explain this matter. The mind consists of a plurality of independent faculties, each of which is exercised by means of particular portions of the brain. In this case, causality, which thinks, is small; hence he is a fool; but calculation, which is independent of it, and reckons figures, is very large, and he is great in figures.'"

This fact, although seemingly illustrative of "automatic thought" and "involuntary cerebration," has two peculiarities about it, which are fatal to Dr. Norton's theory.

1st. The capabilities of the mind, though limited, act in concert with the will; and 2d, the will is all the stronger, because of the *special and concentrated* action of the mind.

This latter thought finds ample, almost endless illustration in every department of nature, since the economy of a just God seeks by this method to compensate for individual defect and limitation. So uniform indeed is nature in 'preserving mental and Spiritual equilibrium that in all the facts of Mesmerism and Biology, we find her true to herself, however varied and wonderful the phenomena.

Thus the mesmeric or biologized subject is made to see and feel things; experience joy and sorrow, as well as eat and drink substances at the will of the operator. At the same time, nature observes the law of uniformity, and does no violence to the organic structure or capacity of the mind. Indeed, the very *idiosyncracies*, as well as the hidden and undeveloped traits of character, are made to illustrate the need of an *ab extra* force, in the expansion and development of the soul.

This phase of Spiritual life is finely illustrated in the following extract:

"In the mesmeric state, the character of a sleep-walker (E. A.) presented generally a strong contrast to his waking exhibition. Good talents and a good disposition had in him been warped by an unfortunate education; and, young as he was, he had imbibed at Paris certain infidel opinions of the worst kind, which he scarcely studied to conceal. I asked him once in his waking state what he thought became of us after death, and his answer was, 'Des qu'on est mort, on n'est plus rien du tout. (After death one is no more anything at all.)' This extreme ignorance on most subjects was accompanied by a vain belief that he knew a great deal; and if one stated to him the commonest facts of philosophy (the distance of the sun from the earth, for example,) he suspected a design of playing upon his credulity and entrenched himself in absolute unbelief.

In sleep-walking all this was changed. His ideas of the mind were correct, and singularly opposed to the material views he took of all questions when in the waking state. He once chided me for calling the soul "une chose;" and said, 'Ce n'est pas une chose, c'est une pensée.' "Can the soul ever die?" I asked. "Certainly not. It is the soul which is only true existence, and which gives existence to all we apprehend." Whence came the soul? "From God, who by his thoughts created the universe." Is there a future punishment for evil-doers? "Undoubtedly, a great one." "In what will it consist?" "In seeing themselves as they are, and God as he is."

"The same sleep-waker, thoroughly unsentimental in his natural state, seemed always, when mesmerized, to take pleasure in losing himself in imaginations of another world. Beautiful are the things he has said to me respecting the soul's recognition of those it loved on earth, and of the privilege of departed friends to watch over the objects of their solicitude while toiling through the pilgrimage of life; but, were I particularly to record these speculations, as they would be called, I should probably be deemed a visionary, or branded as an enthusiast. It is enough to say that under mesmeric sleep-walking all the hard incredulity which characterized E. A. when awake was gone. His willfulness became submission; his pride, humility; and in precise proportion as he seemed to know more, he appeared to esteem himself less. Often would he regret the errors of his waking hours, and speak of his natural state as of an existence apart. Often would he exclaim in sleep-walking, 'How I wish I could always see things as I do now!' There is not a person who saw him in the mesmeric state but remarked the change for the better that his physiognomy underwent. His affections were also enlarged. Egotistical in general and displaying but little sensibility, he in the mesmeric state showed all the warmth of a kind-hearted nature. Shortly before leaving me I mesmerized him. Immediately on passing into sleep-walking, his countenance assumed an expression of the deepest sorrow, and he seemed scarcely able to speak. When asked the cause of his sadness, he said, 'I am going away; how deeply I feel it!' Restored to his waking state, he laughed, and talked, and seemed as unconcerned as usual."

The mesmeric influence in this case, superinduced or developed the characteristics of the Spirit, because the agency was both external and superior to the normal development of the mind. This will serve to illustrate the method by which the Spirit acts on the mind of the medium; for it is not absurd to suppose that all things in nature from the plants to the plants, have an influence upon us and in some degree effect our development and destiny, if we deny the Spirits a like power of manifestation?

All doubt on the subject of angel ministrations, is removed by the positive testimony of facts, that outline the mode, and develop the characteristics of other and superior intelligence than the medium. This has been frequently illustrated in the higher phases of Mesmerism, because that science is but a lower and a more external form of Spiritualism.

In the very infancy of Mesmerism in this country, we find facts illustrative of some of the most marked phases of mediumship. Thus, the following manifestation was given in Hartford, Conn., in 1842, "the subject being an interesting married lady of high intellectual cultivation, most respectably connected, and of an unimpeachable integrity."

"An eminent lawyer being introduced to her, she began with him the discussion of some legal question, astonishing us by the clearness of her conceptions, or keeping us in a roar of laughter by the lively sallies of her wit. During this conversation, some one behind her placed his hand near her head, without touching it. She instantly evinced embarrassment, forgot the subject of discussion,

\* Fowler's Practical Purgatory.  
† Townsend's Facts in Mesmerism, pp. 117-121.  
"The phenomena of magnetism, which a few years ago were only recognized as existing in iron, and in a slight degree in other metals, are now known to belong to all matter; and with those of electricity, with which they are intimately connected either in the relation of effect and cause, or in the relation of a more general principle, are probably displayed in every part of the material universe. Recent researches render it probable that the sun and moon exert a magnetic influence upon the earth. At rest, that it is the subject of various changes, some depending upon the hour of the day, others upon the seasons of the year, others upon long periods of time."—*Buffalo Republican*, April 15.

and could not go on until the hand was removed.—The magnetizer then placing his hand upon her forehead, her recollection was restored, and the conversation renewed. The magnetizer then touched the organ of veneration, when she abruptly terminated the discussion, assuming an attitude of devotion, and refused all further communication with the physical world. Her devotions being ended, she was put in communication with a scientific gentleman, with whom she held a long and interesting conversation on the subject of Animal Magnetism; boldly controverting his arguments and giving her own view of this extraordinary science with great clearness of thought and beauty of expression. And here she seemed like an ethereal being—a being of another creation—and in the language of the eminent divine to whose church she belongs, "she appeared perfectly sublimated." After this she astonished all by determining with wonderful accuracy, the phenological character of various individuals present, and describing with most minute exactness, their secret diseases, acute or chronic, incipient or confirmed. A gentleman present was requested to sing and play a German song for her. The first note struck brought her to the piano, when during the prelude she persisted in standing, but the instant he commenced the song, she sat down by him, and with a full, sweet voice, accompanied him in the very words he sung, although in her natural state she has no knowledge of that language. She then accompanied a French gentleman in one of the songs of his country, and afterward began again the German song, which the pianist had been requested to sing once more.—During the performance of this, she was demagnetized, and, of course, discontinued her accompaniment. Being asked by the writer why she stopped, and why she would not still accompany the other voice, she replied that she knew neither the words nor the air."

This manifestation was so unexpected and wonderful, that Dr. Sherwood could think of it only in connection with the ancient mysteries and more marvelous developments among the apostles and primitive Christians. He says:

"These facts, in the somnient state, of understanding and speaking in unknown tongues, or in a language unknown to these persons in the natural state, have been frequently repeated in this city. They were moreover, practiced in the ancient Pagan Temples, and by the apostles of the Christians. See acts of the apostles, chapter 2.

The number and variety of facts might be multiplied, but these sufficiently illustrate the impossibility of intelligent communication, common or uncommon, normal or abnormal, without the active and controlling power of some intelligence adequate to such manifestation of mind. The fact that the mechanical and automatic side of nature associates itself with such manifestations, is no argument against the philosophy of Spirit agency, since it is purely impossible to get communications that will not in some degree reflect the idiosyncracies of the medium. Indeed to expect more than a *partial* emancipation of the Spirit, while incorporated with, and relatively subject to the organic laws of physical life, is to overlook the analogies of Nature, and expect her to contradict the order and harmony of universal law.

Dr. Sherwood's Motive Power, pp. 173.

Concluded next week.

## MORE HERESY.

Evidently the age of theological thunder, and church excommunication, has gone by; or rather the *disgrace* consequent on excommunication; for men turn heretics, and glory in their unbelief in seeming forgetfulness of the power of the Vatican, and in total indifference to the authority of the "thirty-nine articles." Doubtless, *protestantism* has done much to bring about this state of things; but there is no help now; for, is it not written in living letters in the soul,—"old things shall pass away, and all things become new?"

Verily,—"for the perishable in life and time" are confutations strong as proofs of holy writ," in favor of the progressive and divine prediction.

We hail every honest utterance of disbelief, therefore, as "glad tidings," for they bespeak the need of, and point to, a better dispensation, in which perfect love and great joy will cast out all fear, superstition and intolerance.

Signs of progress in this direction are abundant; some of which are outlined and illustrated, by the following from the *New York Evening Mirror*:

"At the risk of being denounced as a heretic, we must draw our honest unbelief in individual devilism. The hideous hobgoblin of the picture books, with his horns, hoofs and tail, is but the foul phantom of some diabolical imagination.—It is high time such a monstrous myth should be exploded. The Orthodox shudder at this summary annihilation of one of their principal divinities—at this blasphemous blow, aimed by a secular hand, at one of the very pillars of their faith.

We do not deny the existence of a Spirit of Evil. There is a portion of it in every human heart. It is the moral darkness contrasted with the ineffable brightness of the Spirit of God. It is the antagonism of good—the midnight blackness compared with the meridian splendor of the day—the negative nadir dropped to an infinite depth from the positive zenith; but in the process of celestial revolutions, destined to meet, or perhaps, change positions.

We trust none of our readers are quite so ossified in old Orthodoxy, as to take offence at being thus ruthlessly deprived of the refreshing doctrine afforded by the antiquated dogma of individual devilism. We are always sorry to disturb the foundation of any man's comforting faith; and regret, even more, to deprive the devout imagination of one of its most cherished acquaintances. But the night of superstition is past. The morning cock has crowed. The devil must vanish with the whole hobgoblin brood."

A SIGNIFICANT DISTINCTION.—It is related of the well-known Dr. John Owen, by many termed the prince of divines, that when he was on his dying bed, awaiting his speedy dissolution, he dictated a short letter to a friend. The amanuensis had written, "I am yet in the land of the living." He at once arrested him, saying, "Stop, after that; write I am yet in the land of the living, but I hope soon to be in the land of the living."

## CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP.

"In the progress of time I was declared old enough to be initiated into the mysteries of the Christian faith, and sanctified by my first participation in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.—Whether I was fit for the holy ceremony was never asked at all. The Christianity of our enlightened Europeans for the most part mere matter of ceremony and habit, and the present representatives of the Apostles among our Christian congregations, trouble themselves often about little else than their own emoluments and dignities, while professing to be called to their holy office by a divine vocation.—*Life of Zachokke*, p. 13.

## ALARMING FANATICISM.

It seems, from the startling and painful intelligence we have to lay before the reader, that the age of persecution and fanaticism has not gone by.

As we have not the original account at hand, we extract the following from the *Spiritual Universe* of April 12:

"We learn from the last week's *Age of Progress* that on the night of the 20th of March, the dwelling house of LESTER BROOKS, Esq., of Buffalo—father of Miss SARAH BROOKS, the well-known medium of the astonishing musical demonstrations to which we have often alluded—was set on fire. The object of the incendiaries was, as he believed to destroy the life of that young lady! It is truly said of Mr. BROOKS, that he has not a personal enemy in the world—and what other object could the perpetrators of the heinous deed have had in view, but the destruction of the young lady? She occupies, at this moment, a high and influential position among the chosen instruments for spreading abroad the great truths of Spiritualism; and for that reason, and doubtless for no other, she has of late been assailed in various ways; and now her very life is sought, by heaven-hating, blood-thirsty devotees of bigotry and intolerance! Of this last outrage the family of Mr. Brooks had been faithfully warned by their spirit friends; and Mr. Brooks, in obedience to their suggestions, had kept watch, till a late hour in the night. But about one o'clock the house was entered, and set on fire! Fortunately, it was discovered, in time to prevent the destruction of the dwelling and its innocent inmates! Whether this is to be the end of the matter or not, is of course not known. We can only say that the kindest sympathies of scores of friends in Cleveland, are extended to Mr. Brooks, and his family; and that, if a hair of their heads shall be injured by the misguided fanatics of Buffalo, the execration of uncounted thousands will fall upon the perpetrators of the outrage."

We cannot but hope, some other explanation will be given for this deed; as we dislike to think there are men among us, capable of such fiend-like exhibitions of wickedness.

If, however, there are individuals in society, capable of cherishing such feelings, and performing such deeds, the sooner the world knows it the better; for, such revelations will go far towards convincing the *cautious* that a belief in *ecclesiastical* dogmas, and church observances, are not the true and effectual means to convert men from the error of their ways, and cause them to love their neighbor.

## OBEYING IMPRESSIONS.

Although common prudence suggests the necessity of discriminating between emotions and feelings, before obeying any influence that does not address itself to reason, still experience and abundant testimony prove that presentiments and "impressions" have in them a significance at times that should not be ignored, although the mind may fail to comprehend it. This language, as well as the idea, may be mystical to the external reader, but the following will illustrate the value of impressions, and we hope suggest the need of having eyes that see and ears that hear; for those having such are more apt to understand the Spiritual as well as the natural impressions made on the mind.

A letter from Vienna, in the *Zeit. of Berlin*, contains the following:

An event has just taken place here, which has been much talked of. A clerk in a merchant's office, while working at his desk, felt a sort of presentiment of coming danger, which led him suddenly to return home. He there found his wife in bed, as she had been confined of a son only three days before. She was dressed. Her eyes were haggard, and her looks animated by fever. She said to him, "It is well that you came, for I will now roast the goose, which will be ready at once." At the same moment the clerk heard the cry of a child in the kitchen. He rushed to the spot, and found the new-born child tied up, and lying in the frying pan. The mother, taken suddenly with white milk fever, had mistaken her child for a goose, and was about to put it to death. The father happily arrived in time to prevent such a catastrophe.

## INSANITY AGAIN.

The ignorance—to give it no worse name—than associated Spiritualism with insanity, has been so often exposed and so frequently rebuked, that we cannot understand the *policy* of the anti-Spiritual party in keeping up the "hine and cry." It may be, however, to put on a "show of virtue," since *persecution* in a bad cause often obtains for men a reputation for consistency and sincerity. Whether the Editors of the *Boston Ec* are of this class or not, it were unnecessary to say, as the following will speak for itself:

A VICTIM OF SPIRITUALISM.—At Manchester, N. H., a day or two since, a man named John A. Greenough, a skillful canoe cutter of this city, of respectable connections, was arrested for attempting to stab B. F. Edmunds, a jeweler of that city. He was taken to the City Marshal's office, and evidently being in an insane state, was heavily ironed. He has since been taken to the insane asylum at Concord. His insanity is supposed to have been a result of his intemperate habits, added to which he has lately become a believer in Spiritualism.—*Dorchester*.

How far Spiritualism is responsible for the insanity and "intemperate habits" of Mr. Greenough is well expressed in the following:

"Spiritualism" and "disappointed love" have to shoulder more than a fair share of responsibility in the cases of suicide, insanity and other less terrible misadventures which occasionally occur in our large towns and villages. Young men come from their homes in the farming towns to our cities and by degrees fall into dissipated habits. If they really fall in love with anything, it is the mug and pipe, rather than any fair damsel. After they are thoroughly saturated with bad liquor and tobacco juice, if they become insane, take arsenic, or attempt to throw themselves into the canal, it is very convenient to attribute to love or Spiritualism what is actually caused by midnight revels and gross drunkenness. The case of Greenough is not a solitary instance of this kind.—*Manchester Democrat*.

## HEALING MANIFESTATION.

Although we may be unable to define with exact and scientific precision at present, how far, and in what degree the healing manifestations are the work of the Spirits, the effects produced and the cures resulting, are none the less desirable. We give the following facts, therefore, that others of the afflicted may apply to the same medium, in hopes of receiving a like benefit.

New York, April 15, 1856.

Editor Christian Spiritualist: I wish to make known the following fact through your paper, believing it to be one of the many benefits resulting from the "ministry of angels." About ten days ago, I called on Mr. Reed, a healing medium, residing 107 East

24th street, about a boy 13 years old, who had been afflicted by loss of hearing for eight years or over, caused as is supposed by "cold."

The affliction was characterized by gathering in the head, with a gradual increase of pain. These continued to grow worse, until it became difficult for him to be useful in business. Mr. Reed thought the case could be treated with success, especially if he should be influenced properly at the time.—We therefore agreed upon a meeting.

After sitting with the boy from 15 to 30 minutes, there was an improvement. After the second application, he could certainly hear as well as either of us. At the third sitting, the influence was not so powerful as before. Mr. Reed said in accounting for this, that when the person was *cured*, the influence was prompt and powerful, but when *cured*, it mattered not how passive the person might be, there is not, as a general rule, the same power manifested.

D. BAREMORE.

294 W. 20th St.

## SPIRIT REVELATIONS.

From a series of letters published by a *Spiritualist* in the N. Y. Sunday Courier, we extract the following, as the facts and suggestions are pertinent to much that is now being said among Spiritualists as to the *possible* and *probable* fate of the Pacific. The writer says:

Knowing as I do that the most profound secrets are occasionally made known to the living world by Spirits, and occurrences otherwise inexplicable explained, and distant events reported, when the object to be attained is of sufficient importance to warrant their interference; I have sometimes urged on Spiritualists the propriety of publishing some of these announcements to the world, in advance of other means of intelligence, notwithstanding the obvious risk there is of deception. The view I have taken of the question is this: Should an announcement of this nature prove false, it would not overturn Spiritualism; or seriously affect it; while, if it proved true, it would furnish an evidence which would be obvious to all, and very difficult to gainsay. My opinion has been that, without claiming so very much for the reliability of communications, the better course for Spiritualists is to spread out the facts of the case, with all their contradictions and errors before the world, and let each one make what he can of them, and form a judgment for himself.

Under this aspect of the case, I shall not hesitate to put on record a communication relating to the fate of the missing steamship Pacific. The communication was made at the house of a highly-respectable gentleman of Brooklyn, my informant, both by a pantomimic representation, and words spelt out through the tipping of a table; and was to the effect, that the steamer, when eight days out on her return voyage, was disabled by running against the ice. Those on board of her did not at once perish; and the communicating Spirit stated that he himself came to his end from the effects of the cold while on the ice. It was his belief that some were taken off alive, and that this account would ultimately be confirmed by living witnesses.

The Spirit who gave this relation purported to be the Spirit of Mr. Samuel Fairchild; who was, as I am told, steward of the Pacific. At the circle where it was given, were present several of his relatives and friends; and as evidence of his identity he answered correctly some fifty questions relating to the events of his past life.

I cannot but hope the Pacific safe, and that this announcement will prove a deception, as has been the case in some experiences of my own already recorded; but that facts of a similar extraordinary character do occur, and prove true, is established by abundant proofs.

Judge Edmunds, in his lecture at the Brooklyn Institute, last Sabbath, stated that, on one occasion, an entire stranger called at his house, and, while in conversation with the Spirits, was charged by them with being a thief, a robber, and a murderer, and the evidences of his crimes were urged home upon him, until, pale with astonishment and affright, he confessed their truth.

An interesting incident of this nature, connected with Mrs. French, the well-known medium, has recently been published in the *Telegraph*.

"Until recently Mrs. French has been a resident of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. In July last she was there, and on the evening of the 25th of that month was engaged in conversation with her uncle, Mr. T. Culbertson. The subject of remark was an absent friend of theirs—Major Howe of the United States Army—and they were wondering where he was, and whether he was well, when Mrs. French became entranced, and a spirit purporting to be that of the Father of his Country, George Washington, wrote through her hand as follows:

"I saw the Major yesterday. He camped near Plum Creek, not far from Fort Kearney. He was well—had two companies of dragoons under his command—and is heading for Fort Laramie."

The spirit then addressed the following lines to Major Howe:

"My Son: I write this to let you know that I am still so with you. I have been well pleased with you, but would have been better pleased if you did not use profane language."

"According to promise, I have gone to Mrs. French's several times to communicate to you, but have found her otherwise engaged. I will write you again soon. God bless you."

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

This letter from the spirit of Washington to Major Howe, together with the preceding communication, stating the whereabouts and circumstances of the Major, on the 24th of July, was forwarded to the Major by Mr. Culbertson, early in September. And now comes the Major's reply, which is to prove the truth or the falsity of the statements. It was as follows:

CANTONMENT, N. T.

December 26, 1856.

"MY MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND: By mail, brought to my camp on the 13th instant, I received your truly kind letter of September 24th, with its valuable enclosure. I would have acknowledged the receipt at the time, but wished to examine some minutes I had taken while *en route* last summer, for I had forgotten where Plum Creek was, and where I was such place. Since then I have made the examination, and find that on the 24th of July, the second day out from Fort Kearney, en route for Laramie, I encamped near Plum Creek, and was in command of two companies of dragoons.—If I was gratified to receive the communication enclosed in yours, I think with what delight I found the facts as stated in the communication to you and my friend, Mrs. French, as to my whereabouts! And then the communication to me, couched in such friendly language, telling me of my faults! Yes, I own it, I have the habit of swearing, not from any vicious propensity, but a foolish, idle habit, and am ashamed of it after having used the expression. I hope I shall break myself of it altogether, so that I shall have a clear conscience upon the subject, and that my spirit friends may lay no such blame to lay upon me. Perhaps that has been the impediment in the way that they have not as yet made themselves manifest to me. If such is the reason, I shall soon have rid myself of the practice, and hope to greet their presence. \* \* Yours, truly, 'M. S. Howe.'"

BY H. M. WALTON.

Weeks and months go by, and we live regardless of the flight of time; but weeks make months, months years, and years absorb earth's labors, and the majority fall into the grave without realizing the best way to improve time or correct the errors of life. If it is true then, that time is marked by happy events rather than days, how short must life be to the majority, since those live longest, who live happiest and wisest. This suggests the necessity of defining happiness, but who shall attempt to explore the field of differences? What would be happiness to me, might be the opposite to another, for one is happy if he can feed the body; another, if he can cultivate the mind; another if he possesses perishable gold, while others work exclusively for the soul, thereby starving and neglecting the body. In whatever aspect however we view the subject, we find happiness to be the pleasure giving element of "our being's end and aim" for in one form or another, it gives harmony of mind, health of body, and length of days.

The number is small nevertheless, who can be said to be happy, because the moods and tones of our being blend with, and in many cases grow out of the variations and fluctuations of social life over which the mind for the time has comparatively no control.

There is a *real* and internal happiness however, which is consequent on the *soul's* growth, over which the ocean of circumstantial life glides harmlessly, if not unfelt. None should despair of enjoying such, because it comes not with the dawn of consciousness. It is the sum of patience and labor that illuminates the pages of memory, and the counterpart of that divine influx, that nurses into vigorous life the internal fires of the soul, by virtue of which impurity is consumed, impatience chastened, and antagonism subdued. This is true happiness, and the longest life consists in living justly, Righteously and Wisely among men.

Then the question might arise, what is wisdom; and who of the innumerable teachers of wisdom shall we follow? The world is full of them; we set up to lead their fellowman, and if we should attempt following even one of these, would-be leaders of the blind, we should quickly find ourselves in the ditch. But in every one's heart, is a teacher or a part of God himself, and if we follow this monitor and our own convictions of right, it will lead to wisdom. It never was intended that we should follow any man, priest, or king, nor other than the eternal principle of right implanted in the soul by our Creator. Heed this, and you will fail for want of guidance, as every man will his own teaching and his own preaching, or else his soul to do it for him. Then will the great truth of salvation prevail. Man will redeem himself by the eternal law of progression, and base a law to himself—a universal law by virtue of which liberty of conscience will pervade all class. Let this be perfectly understood among men, how soon would the churches become empty, their memory a matter of history. The machinery of theology crumbles into nothingness, the countless treasures would become the property of "the people." All the grand paraphernalia of sectarian world will be trodden under foot as dust. Any one who looks at the signs of the times, need no prophet to tell that society will be shaken to its foundation, may even now, be uttering in the churches; and God grant, when it is rebuilt, may be on the sure foundation of Love, Wisdom and Peace. There are born some, who will not be death until this be the deed. And what if this has been written "woe be to the prophet of a coming age." Who cares for the fate of the prophet, that we are on the threshold of an age of universal deliverance from the oppression of ignorance, error and sin? When the ministry shall be angels and the high priest God himself, this will supersede the paid ministry, and labor will be honorable to all, when it will be necessary to labor as preachers, to exchange the surplice and staff for the plow, the saw and the plane. No work then, that we are attacked by the churches, that the devil is hurled at us. No wonder, we are called heathens and infidels by way of contempt when some there are, that would, if possible, annihilate this difference of opinion by even larger and burning as of old. Naturally enough then they attempt to vilify and lessen what they comprehend. But there are too many sound minds in the world, who have dared to think for themselves, and will no longer think for the church must begin to look this mighty truth in the face and measure its strength. They count its numbers, and find them legion. They begin to stir themselves, for their craft is in danger. One priest and another comes out and shakes the dust off their feet against us; another issues forth of excommunication, and hurls them at their command—and is heading for Fort Laramie."

The spirit then addressed the following lines to Major Howe:

"My Son: I write this to let you know that I am still so with you. I have been well pleased with you, but would have been better pleased if you did not use profane language."

"According to promise, I have gone to Mrs. French's several times to communicate to you, but have found her otherwise engaged. I will write you again soon. God bless you."

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

This letter from the spirit of Washington to Major Howe, together with the preceding communication, stating the whereabouts and circumstances of the Major, on the 24th of July, was forwarded to the Major by Mr. Culbertson, early in September. And now comes the Major's reply, which is to prove the truth or the falsity of the statements. It was as follows:

"CANTONMENT, N. T.  
December 26, 1856.

"MY MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND: By mail, brought to my camp on the 13th instant, I received your truly kind letter of September 24th, with its valuable enclosure. I would have acknowledged the receipt at the time, but wished to examine some minutes I had taken while *en route* last summer, for I had forgotten where Plum Creek was, and where I was such place. Since then I have made the examination, and find that on the 24th of July, the second day out from Fort Kearney, en route for Laramie, I encamped near Plum Creek, and was







## SPIRITS OF THE PAST.

BY FANNY FIELDING.

The music, freshness and harmony of Spirit evinced in the following poem, will abundantly compensate for a second perusal should the reader have been so fortunate as to have seen and read it elsewhere. Published by request.

Oh, oft they're flitting round the Spirits of the Past;  
They at a word, a look, a tone, come thronging thick and fast;

A long-forgotten melody, a breath upon the chain  
That binds me to their shadowy forms will bring them back again;

They come upon the morning when the first streaks of dawn  
Steal faintly o'er the woodlands and flower-enamelled lawn;  
And as I lie half-dreaming they whisper in mine ear,  
"The wild bee and the lark are up, why lie you sleeping here?"

And then they tune their voices to soft and gentle lays  
Of joy and hope, and innocence and childhood's sunny days,

When to exist was to be blest, and the young heart ran o'er  
With the first freshness of delight! Oh! dream to come  
no more.

"The summer flow'rs bloom fair," sing they, "fast by the  
mountain side,"

The butterfly is roaming there in all his sunny pride;  
Time was when by the woodlands at dawn you loved to stray  
And pluck the dewy daisies that bloomed around the way."

I dream again: and round me sweet forms, sweet faces  
come,  
And through the glen and wild-wood with them I seem to  
roam,

And sounds of childish laughter ring out upon mine ear—  
Sweet Spirits of the Shadowy Past! it is your voice I  
hear.

They come upon the noontide, and whisper soft and low,  
Of tiny feet that pressed the sod where the purple violets  
grow,

And of joy-wearied little ones who laid them there to rest,  
With the fragrant flowers beneath their heads upon the  
green earth's breast.

They whisper of dreams that haunted me as I lay sleeping  
there—  
Angelic beings, with golden wings, that fanned the fragrant  
air,

Wakening it into melody—a spirit-stirring strain—  
Oh, gentle Spirits of the Past, breathe me that song again!

They come upon the twilight when summer dew descends,  
And from each tiny chalice which to its influence bends,  
The Spirits are singing, of flow'rs that slept at night,  
But waked not with the morning, now is the noontide light.

They come upon the twilight, in music's mournful strain,  
Whose mystic measures thrill my soul till it holds again  
The loved, the beautiful, the dead—peopling the earth and  
air,

And I, a shadow of myself, seem floating with them there,  
Drinking each angel melody, till every silver tone,  
Awakes within my throbbing breast an answer to its own;  
Be it a sigh, the sound of song, or laughter soft and low—  
My heart vibrates to every strain as the sweet numbers  
flow.

They come upon the evening, when on the balmy air  
The vesper-bell is pealing—"Lo! 'tis the hour of prayer!"  
And from the pale stars bending, they softly whisper,  
"Come!"

The good, the bright, the beautiful are in this heavenly  
home!"

They come upon the midnight, and whisper me in dreams  
Of glacially marble urns whereon the dim moonlight  
gleams,  
Of willow branches, bending over a grassy bed,  
Of dark night-owls descending upon some loved one's  
head.

Again the vision changes, and happy faces come  
Around my bed, like those that cheered my childhood's  
sunny home.

The same, yet still more heavenly, and they sing sweet  
songs of rest,  
Until I seem to fall asleep upon my mother's breast.

Oh, oft they're flitting round the Spirits of the Past,  
At morning—midday—midnight—their mystic spells they  
cast.

Around my sudden Spirit, till it dwells strangely long  
To sigh its very self away, and join the shadows throng.  
NORFOLK, Virginia.

## ANIMAL MIGRATIONS.

The carrier pigeon has, says a magazine writer, for many generations, shown something like a monopoly of this prodigious inspiration of geographical knowledge. It has been supposed that the eye of this extraordinary bird is endowed with so distinct a sight as to enable it to discern small objects at a distance of fifty miles, which is contrary to the laws of optics, and clearly impossible. Again, the convex of the eye of the bee is so great that it must evidently be near-sighted, as doubtless is requisite for the work it has to do. Yet bees will take an excursion of five, six, or eight miles, and return to their hive "one set of sun." In short, this faculty exists in so many animals, and is so curiously and marvelously developed on special occasions, that Dr. Good has expressed a suspicion of the existence of a sixth sense in certain animal tribes. His theory, however, is not confirmed by anatomy, although it is not impossible, as this naturalist elsewhere suggests, that some modification of the sense of smell may guide some animals on certain occasions. May not locality, combined with memory of objects, an organ large in the cranium of all birds of flight, be the cause of unerring precision with which they direct their course to distant points? It has been suggested that modifications of the magnetic currents, which like rivers in the ocean, flow through the atmosphere—negatively from east to west—may direct them to the most appropriate places for food and incubation. Whatever the cause, speculation will hardly explain it. It is, no doubt, in itself simple as any other of the laws of nature; but, until experienced, will seem to man a complex problem.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

## DRESS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

We hear often of remarks by cultivated foreigners, on the wild extravagance of American ladies in the matter of dress. The wives and daughters of merchants in moderate circumstances, vie with the families of nobles and monarchs in Europe, and Broadway and Washington street suggest reminiscences of a gala day at court. Such extravagances are not only a frightful wrong upon the husband's purse, it is a violation no less of good taste and modesty. It is well to be reminded occasionally of the simplicity and economy of the early days of our republic. A writer, in *Putnam* for February, says of the time of Washington:

"Clothing was very expensive; and though made a matter of more consequence than now, as marking the distinctions of rank, still so sedulously maintained, it was often difficult for persons of much pretension to keep up the outward appearance of gentility. For this reason all apparel was preserved with much care. I have seen specimens of mending, piecing and darning, in garments belonging to good old families, which would have commanded a premium from some of our modern industrial societies. The raiment purchased for a young woman's bridal, was worn by her in old age; and young girls of the household were glad to assume the faded relics of a grandmother's wardrobe. Rich dresses, in those days, were considered of sufficient importance to be mentioned in wills and left as an inheritance, to relatives or friends.—*Ex.*

## MERLIN'S PROPHECY.

From the Sunday Mercury.

One of the most remarkable prophecies extant, is that of Merlin's, the Welsh astrologer, who lived in the Eighth century. Its fulfillment, in almost every particular, renders it the more interesting, (as evidenced in the American Revolution, to which reference seems to have been made,) induces us to give it to our readers, as copied from Hawkins' work, published in the year 1530.

In connection with the prophecy, we also give the key, furnished by an old citizen of Philadelphia, to the editors of the *Columbian Magazine*, published in this city, in the March number, 1787.

SYBILLIAN ORACLE.

Uttered by Merlin, sometime during the Eighth Century, in Wales, of which he was a native.

When the savage is meek and mild,  
The frantic mother shall stab her child.

II.  
When the Cock shall woo the Dove,  
The mother, the child shall cease to love.

III.  
When men, like moles, work under ground,  
The Lion a Virgin true shall wound.

IV.  
When the Dove and Cock, the Lion shall fight,  
The Lion shall crouch beneath their might.

V.  
When the Cock shall guard the Eagle's nest,  
The Stars shall rise all in the West.

VI.  
When ships above the clouds shall sail,  
The Lion's strength shall surely fail.

VII.  
When Neptune's back with stripes is red,  
The sickly Lion shall hide his head.

VIII.  
When seven and six shall make but one,  
The Lion's might shall be undone.

Verse 1st.—The settlement of America by a civilized nation, is very clearly alluded to in the first line. The frantic mother is Britain. America still feels the wounds she has received from her.

Verse 2d.—The Cock is France, the Dove is America, Columbia, their union is the epoch when America shall cease to love Britain.

Verse 3d.—In many parts of Europe there are subterranean works carried on by persons who never see the light of day. But, perhaps, the solution may more particularly be referred to the siege of York, in Virginia, where the approaches were carried on by working in the earth. In the second line there is another equivocal. We are told by Mr. Addison, in his *Spectator*, that a lion will not hurt a true maid. This, at first view, seems to be contradicted by the prophecy, but, on examination, the epoch referred to, the virgin, Columbia, (or, perhaps, Virginia, by which name all North America was called in the days of Queen Elizabeth,) shall wound the lion, that is Britain, which shows the precise time when the oracle should be accomplished.

Verse 4th.—Clearly alludes to the successes of the united forces of America and France against those of Britain.

Verse 5th.—For the solution of this oracle, as well as all the rest, we are indebted to the engraving of the *arms of the United States*, in the *Columbian Magazine*, for September, 1780. America is clearly designated by the Eagle's nest, as it is the only part of the globe where the bald eagle, (the arms of the United States,) is to be found. Thus this hitherto inexplicable prophecy may now be easily understood as meaning that when the cock, that is France, shall protect America, as she did during the late war, the stars, that is the standard of the American empire, shall rise in this Western Hemisphere.

Verse 6th.—It is very remarkable, that the first discovery of the amazing properties of inflammable air, by means of which men have been able to explore a region, till then impervious to them, happened in the same year when *Britain's* strength was so reduced as to oblige her to acknowledge the independence of America. The *beast*, in which the adventurous aeronauts traversed the upper regions, are the ships here referred to.

Thus far the prophecy seems to have been already fully and literally accomplished; it is to be hoped that the accomplishment of those which remain is not far remote.

Verse 7th.—I understood to mean, than when the sea (*Neptune's back*) is red with the *American stripes*, the naval power of Britain shall decline. A proper exertion in the art of ship-building, would soon produce this effect, and whenever Congress is vested with the power of regulating the commerce of America, we may hope to see the full accomplishment of this prediction.

Verse 8th.—This oracle clearly alludes to an epoch not far removed, as we may hope; for when the *thirteen* United States shall, under the auspices of the present *federal constitution*, have strengthened and cemented their union, by a proper revival of the articles of confederation, so as to be really but one nation, Britain will no longer be able to maintain that rank and consequence among the nations of the earth, which she hath hitherto done.

Since the publication of this explanation, the fulfillment of the two last has become a part and portion of our history. That Neptune's back is red with the stripes, and we may add stars, every child knows, and the sickly lion already hides his head, not only beneath the folds of our flag, but plays second fiddle to the cock of France.

The eighth is fully accomplished, and '76, as well as seven and six, form a pleasing illustration of the prophecy, as they do one of the most interesting incidents in our history. The thirteen States—seven and six—have multiplied nearly three since the Declaration of Independence, and are now as then, but one, and that one a nation.

Walter Scott, speaking of Merlin, or the Sage, as he is called, says, "The particular spot in which he is buried is still shown, and appears, from the following quotation, taken from a description of Tweeddale, 1715, to have partaken of his prophetic qualities:

"When Tweed and Pausay meet  
At Merlin's grave,  
Scotland and England shall one  
Monarch have."

For the same day that our King James, the Sixth, was crowned King of England, the River Tweed, by an extraordinary flood, so far overflowed its banks that it met and joined with the Pausay, at the said grave, which was never before observed to fall out."

The precise spot pointed out to travelers is situated near Drumelzier, a village upon the Tweed.

The writer here seems to incline to the opinion of Addison, that a "lion would not harm a true maid." If this was the only objection to the truth of the prophecy, nature and philosophy would do away with it immediately.

## "THE ANGELS WITH US UNAWARES."

From the Olive Branch.

BY E. A. W. II.

"In this dim world of clouding cares,  
We little know, 'till 'wildered eyes  
See white wings lessening up the skies,  
The angels with us unawares."

"Dear mamma, I love you," says the baby-boy,  
clapping his white arms lovingly about her neck,  
and receiving her kiss in return. "Helpless little creature! It will be long indeed, ere he will realize his mother's self-denying tenderness, her anxiety about his future, her pain when he suffers, her regret when he does wrong, and her happiness when he does well.

She does not tell him now, that with aching head and weary fingers, she has watched him through long days and nights of illness, when Death seemed hovering over his pillow, ready to snatch him away, if even for one moment she forget her charge; and with what agonizing earnestness she prayed: "O! Father, spare him, if consistent with Thy will!"

He only knows her bosom is his pillow, her arms his shield, and that from her hands his hourly wants are supplied.

But if it comes to be his lot to gaze upon her sweet face, cold in the drapery of death, to miss her smile, and long in vain for her caress; then, when others part his silken hair without the accustomed kiss; when others take him coldly by the hand, and lead him to his cradle-bed, and hear his infant prayer, as a mere act of duty; then, while their careless "good night" is still chiming in his ears as a bitter mockery; then he will fling out his tiny arms, and clasp the empty air in search of that soft hand, which lingered so lovingly about his pillow, and realize that "an angel" has been with him "unawares."

"Thank you, father!" says the young girl, bound away with her hand clasped upon the means with which to purchase some elegant article of dress, forgetting in her wild happiness how much she is already indebted to him. Little does she realize the toil and anxieties of that noble-hearted man; standing up as a tower of defence between this helpless ones, and the rude, jostling crowd, and baring his own broad breast to all life's pelting storms, content if he can but shelter them.

"My daughter," there is a meaning in that word, whose depths she will never fathom until another sentence falls like ice upon her ear, and freezes the blood in her veins: "He is dead!"

Then, when she misses his kindly greeting, when he no longer fills her pleading hand; when she would turn back from the cold friendships of the world, sick at heart for the love she has wasted upon the ungrateful! then, when there is no fond, paternal bosom, to which she may fly in her day of adversity, she will realize—O! how bitterly! that an angel has been with her unawares."

"Would I had now a father!" bursts from her quivering lips, as she remembers all his goodness; and she nerves herself anew for the stern conflicts of life.

"My brother!" The fraternal tie may be loosened by unkindness, or remembered lightly, as in different paths we go out into the world, each struggling for individual success; but there are times when that word calls up a gush of tenderness, as we look back to youth's halcyon hours, when we walked hand in hand with him, who held us by an earnest clasp, and whose kiss was unpolled by flattery or selfishness.

We may have thought hardly of that brother but if the stranger dares to whisper aught against his name, how the indignant blood tingles in our veins—stranger, beware!

He lies low in the church-yard. We cover his faults with the mantle of charity, and comparing his love of long-ago with the world's fictitious friendships, say his errors were of the head rather than the heart; he was, indeed, as "an angel unawares."

The husband goes before the wife, smoothing the rough places and pushing aside the thorns from her path; he shields her from the stare of impetiveness, and blunts the edge of every pain and grief by those soft, balmy utterances, known only in the vocabulary of affection; and she leans upon his strong arm, unaware of all his self-denial for her sake.

But when that strong arm is palsied in death, when the eyes which beamed on her so lovingly are closed forever, and the lips which never chided her, are pale and mute—then she realizes his worth as she never could before, and gazes with fearful earnestness into the blue abyss, as if to arrest those "lessening wings" in their upward flight, and whisper in the ear of the departed the thankfulness, which until now had found no utterance.

The wife. There is no treachery there—no deceit. How her smile of welcome dissipates the cloud of care which has clung to her husband's brow all day! How softly she parts away the toil-dampened locks from his temples, and kisses away their last lingering throb of pain.

The heart, man knows, is all his own—is to him a priceless gem; but never until those orbs, which turn to his with love and reverence, are hidden away in the gloom of the narrow house, does he appreciate as he should the presence of her who was sent of Heaven—"an angel unawares."

That friend; a creature of blended weaknesses and virtues; not all selfishness, not all disinterestedness; but the pressure of his hand is earnest, his smile is not a lie; you have trusted him, and he has not betrayed you; you have gone to him in the hour of trial, and he has advised you for your best good; he has spoken your name with respect, and cheered you with words of hope when your heart was faint almost unto death; in him you have a priceless treasure. Well may you bow your head and weep if he has fallen before you in the battle of life; for there will be times in the future when you will yearn to lay your head upon his shoulder, and pour into his sympathetic ear your tale of wrongs and griefs; and then will come again the consciousness that he has passed away, and God help you! you search in vain through life for his living counterpart.

There are "angels with us unawares" in all the relations of life; but alas! for our stupidity, we seldom realize their presence until we "see" their "white wings lessening up the skies."

TRUE LIFE—ITS METHOD AND USE.

From a Spiritually conceived and eloquently written article, in a late issue of the *New Jerusalem Messenger*, we extract the following, believing its sense will harmonize the lessons of life and chasten many of the sorrows of the "heart," if read in a thoughtful and a receptive spirit. The writers says:

"Our life's endeavor must be to bring into actuality the inmost image of God. If we strive to

do this, our youthful trust in happiness will return, deepened a thousand fold; we shall perceive that the eclipse has been transitory; the rolling years have proved magicians; in place of the flower-covered prairie, we stand in view of an limitless landscape, more strange, and varied, and glorious than we had ever before conceived; the Spiritual eye sweeps broader and broader, resting upon mountain-tops tinged with gold and rose, waters begirt with tender foliage, and valleys lost in atmospheric purple.

The inward world is opening to our consciousness, and its wealth, a daily gift from the Beautiful One, is stealing into our perceptions with delicious awe and gratitude; fresh blossoms assure us that man is perennially young, advancing like creation towards high noon, incapable of decline while obeying the Divine laws. How inexpressibly sweet is the new light in which human beings appear to us! All and each have this inward world within them, and with many it is more celestially radiant than our own conceptions can reach. But with our own experiences would we go back now? Not for worlds; not even if going back would spare us great suffering. The new possessions which have come to gladden us, have a divine sweetness that the early dreams that refreshed us. We would go onward developing according to our Father's will. Hope, like the full moon, has arisen, and we believe now that her rising is eternal,—that she will light us on our way to yonder country. Eternal Life! sweetest words ever written by human pen. Life! the little we have learned of its meaning already fills us with a strange rapture; its deep romance, and the ever-developing capacities of man, give us an assurance for the new chapter of existence which is to open above. Earth offers prizes to the many, but subtle splendor surrounds the prize Heaven offers.

To look forward to the Spiritual world with delight, is not necessarily to depreciate the value of our present position; warm hues descend to brighten it; misfortunes come not to pain us, but to glorify us with our Father's glory, so that we shall be met for the everlasting beauty. We learn to look upon all events as friendly; to smile with hope, even when cherished earthly hopes are expiring around us; we love to co-operate with the Divine Being, we strive to be swift in submission to every Providence; we hasten to see the love that bends all circumstances towards the fulfillment of our coming happiness and usefulness. We are satisfied to "work and wait," sure that all will be explained in the sequel; very sure that no pang will strike us, which we may not derive good from; deep within our souls the Lord upholds our steadfast purpose; there is a meaning in all things, a point to be gained through every mistake, a trophy to be wrested from every experience. There is a place for us in the wide universe which other mortals cannot fill; there is an exact adaptedness in our surroundings to develop our life most harmoniously; any other state of things would clash with our final aim and destiny; it belongs to us to profit by this fitness, and to use our human privilege in discovering whether our situation seems to be of Providence; if it does, then it matters not whether it be easy or difficult; each and all things are conspiring to lead us to a higher standing place.

If we refuse to turn the grains of sand to gold it is but fair that in treading our pathway through eternity, we should reap as we have sown; we choose for ourselves, and by an immutable law every antecedent must be followed by its legitimate consequence; we shall find our future home an outward expression of ourselves, a reflection of our inward world,—cheerless and barren, if we have pressed a worldly hand upon our souls, or full of love, grace, and beauty, if we have tended these flowers within us. In our daily life, so little of which really appears, we are creating our eternal life; every act has a bearing upon it; no deed of good or evil is lost; every day has its effect upon the great harvest lying before us; we are moulding its incidents, securing its bliss, encircling it with a starry radiance for its seasons of shade, with sunrise for a new day. Although we are taught that "there is no night there," the soul has its dawnings, its clear noons and twilights. How precious to our finite conceptions is this variation; new love and truth arise, and pass from our consciousness in soft shades; the next state approaches another illumination.

We are sending forward all this joy and peace, or we are sending the reverse; every self conquest adds a charm, and every triumph of the Lord within us is gemmed imperishably upon our whole Spiritual being, and upon our Spiritual home and surroundings. Infinite indeed is our encouragement to obey the Divine will—infinite the hope that strengthens us to labor for other souls. If our present existence be thus connected with the future, as one day precedes the next, and one week follows another, death is not a fearful hiatus, but a bridal hour that unfolds a coarse garment from the beauteous ones who are to enter into a life of inward freshness; and this life, this "charmed life" is not alone, but all outer lordliness and magnificence wait upon it.

If so much depend upon our earthly life, how fearful in its everlasting echoes is the indulgence of our evils; how all things shrink into insignificance when compared with the grand but arduous work of regeneration; how needful is it that we all give our hands to each other, all help each other in this—all look upon each other as immortal children, laboring, stumbling, erring, repenting on our way to our Father's house. In our present state of being, we are called upon incessantly for generous patience with each other; we need this discipline exceedingly. In heaven it will be quite otherwise. Here we must often compel ourselves so to act that charity will flow into us from the Lord; there, love will be the spontaneous fruit of our compulsion on earth. As we progress, new truths arise in our sky, throwing a light backward upon the past, and forward upon the future. It is beautiful, this never-ceasing rise of stars in the soul, each one a presentiment of the exhaustless arcana hidden in store for us; each one giving birth to an assured hope that we shall ere long listen to the melodies for which we have been ardent. Willingly should we tread any path that helps us to ascend, like the

"youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device—  
Excelsior!"

On through storm and shine, we may press towards a sunny future, which no untoward accident can mar, while our leader is the Lord. The word "ruin" becomes obstacle while God and the right are on our side; temporary suffering opens mines of wealth, and from its bosom rises a more profound faith in the law of compensation.

If in life's battle we are firm and faithful, our song shall be "Eureka!" It shall thrill our souls with courage here on earth, and it shall be our word of gushing gratitude when we awake to a more beautiful existence, after the gates of earth have swung behind us. "I have found it!"—have found a knowledge of the Lord, a key to all mysteries.

S. A. W.

## "JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT THE TREE'S INCLINED."

From the Walworth County Reporter.

A little boy was once asked why a tree in the yard, in front of his paternal mansion, was crooked? To which he naively replied, "Some one trod upon it when it was little."

What an instructive idea here suggests itself to the mind! How many children have shared the fate of the tree! Have been trodden upon in their youthful days, and have in consequence grown to manhood knarled and crooked. See that innocent child, of parents whose circumstances in life are what some call poor, health beams in every feature of his little face, intelligence sparkles in his eye, his merry laugh rings clearly on the air, love and nature are his guiding patrons. But he is poor. His parents poor! What business has he to laugh, to love, to have a place in the world—Alas! my little friend, 'twere better thou hadn't been born; for scorn and slight are thy heritage there. Thou canst not approach the rich man's son, clothed in purple and fine linen, your rags and dirt would soil his nice habiliments. You must hold no communion with him. You belong to the lower order of society. This is the universal opinion. In the world you are under a curse, men despise the poor boy. In society, you have no place, in your school no seat. The teacher caters to the purse of the rich man's son, and you are neglected, trodden upon. What wonder that you are grown to a crooked manhood?

In the Religious meetings of the town, you have no part, your parents do not own a pew in church, and if perchance you enter one of those fine cushioned seats, you are ousted by the owner, and pushed toward the door, with the chilling admonition, "you have no business here."

Grown to man's state, your human nature revolts at such constant and inhuman treatment, and crooked and morose you seek revenge upon those who have so long trodden upon and ground you down to earth. Some scheme of vengeance enters your mind, and you seek an opportunity to wreak upon thy persecutors; a prison or the scaffold follows: "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

What have you done, haughty and unfeeling world? You have trodden upon the boy when he was little. One of God's own images has been defaced, scarred and bruised crooked, and the original designer thwarted in his most sublime purposes. A mind that under other and more favorable auspices might have been an ornament and a blessing in the world, has by your high and selfish notions been degraded, and instead of high and holy aspirations, has been made the devil's own; and this is all by the cold and formal notions of those who blessed with wealth, have used their means for vain and selfish purposes.

How often do we hear men make the inquiry, why is there so much crime and misery in the world around us? The answer comes at once, when we take a consistent view of the matter.—Society in its majestic trends upon the little ones, whose misfortunes have placed them among the homes of poverty and wretchedness.

But look up ye little ones, a brighter day is dawning for you; there are some few sparks of humanity left in man, and slowly and surely, they are gathering to a perfect blaze. Men are laying aside many of their exalted notions in this day and age, and although poor do not despair but labor and wait; there's a jubilee for thee, and that "good time coming" is near at hand.

And to the proud and rich ones of earth, we say in the chaste and beautiful language of a Western Poet:

"He who checks the child with terror,  
Stops its play and stills its song,  
Not alone commits an error,  
But a grievous moral wrong."

Give it play and never fear it,  
Active life is no defect;  
Never, never break its spirit,  
Curb it—only to direct.

Would you stop the flowing river,  
Thinking it would cease to flow?  
Onward must it flow forever—  
Better teach it where to go."

## POLITENESS IN MEN AND WOMEN.

A Cincinnati Editor makes the following revelations of comparative politeness of the sexes in that locality:

"Not long since we had occasion to ride a short distance in one of our city omnibuses. It was after dark, and the omnibus started off, nearly filled with men. Soon it stopped, and a woman opened the door; instantly there was a move among the men, they crowded together, and a seat was furnished the lady. After preceding a square or two further, another lady wished to get in; an additional squeeze was made, and she was accommodated with a seat. A similar application was again soon made, and a gentleman instantly gave up his seat, and got on top. Another soon followed, and another gentleman did likewise. Repeated instances like this occurred, and the gentlemen, by crowding together, holding market baskets, and children, accommodated every lady applicant, till we counted inside, men, women and children, nearly 20 persons.—Then the number began to diminish: men and children got out, and the omnibus was decently filled with women, there being but two men inside, and they at the further end, completely backed in by market baskets. And now a woman opened the door; not a lady stirred. "Can't I have a seat?" modestly asked the applicant. "I should like to see where you'd sit," said one lady. "Don't you see this bus is full?" said another. "You can't stand," sneeringly said a third. "I can walk," replied the spunky applicant, slamming the door, and off she walked.

Now had the omnibus been as full of men as it was of women, that lady would have been furnished a seat without a murmur. But it is not only in the omnibus that men show their superior politeness over women. In a rainy day, if we meet two women abreast on a crossing, one instantly steps behind the other and gives you a passway. But if you meet two ladies ten chances to one but you have to step in the mud. In a crowded church men will squeeze together to accommodate another man; but ladies will spread themselves out, so that three or four would fill a pew, and not an inch will they move to accommodate one of their own sex.—So in railroad cars, and in other places where men and women congregate, and where the true disposition is instinctively shown. We state these as general cases. There are exceptions of course; but we merely wish to draw attention to the general fact, that while a man's rudeness to a woman is so rare as to attract notice when it occurs, the rudeness of a woman towards a woman, is so common as to be considered a matter of course.—If, among other "woman rights," which some ladies are now striving to obtain, they will engraft the right to be always courteous to each other, we men will take care of ourselves, and them too—God bless 'em. With all their faults we love them still."

## CORRECT EDUCATION.

REV. CHAS. HAMBOND, MEDIUM.

Schools must be established in which the relations of mind to mind shall be taught, and the duties of that relation. The useful and practical should supersede the useless and impracticable. No mind should be taught wrong, or read, or hear read, or held up before the mind. Every appearance of evil should be avoided. It were better for posterity that every book in which war, cruelty, or vice, in any form, is taught, either by application or example, were consumed in fire, than that a hint of wrong should be generated by reading it. It were better that every church were demolished, every college and school laid in ruins, than that these horrid doctrines, enforced and taught to the old and young, should perpetuate their diabolical impressions, and deceive human souls with their errors. There is no apology for the evil of superstition and ignorance. There is no right in either, and when man shall learn to unlearn his wrong ignorance, or schools where the crimes of children are related and impressed upon the mind, and are worthy of the patronage of an enlightened and an honest heart.

There must needs be a great change in all the books and publications which are circulated among men and women, before the reform of the world will reach the desirable altitude. To remove the voices of society on earth is not possible, but man is impressed with images of wrong. The tolerant persecutions of one age leave a healthy impression on the next, and history, politics, religion and science even, are tainted with cruel and unchristian deeds, which prejudice man against his fellow man, and teach him to distrust the integrity of virtue of him who ought not to have known. They teach the mind what evil is, and the more one taught will know how to practice it, to teach man how to practice even the evil which they impress, and, therefore, knowing what, and how it can be practiced, there are every day any, but what will feel inclined to try the experiment; whereas, if they had never known it, it would never have been thought best to teach to gain good.

In human society, vile and criminal men are most readily sought for; the lowest element, the most cruel history, the greatest human flesh, the most terrible scenes of the worst recitals of shame, are acceptable to a degree of their enormity; and the present pulpits are neither afraid nor ashamed to tell the tale. The people listen with awe and swallow the poison as they are made digest it. They mean well, they would better themselves, but the taste has become thick with the horrors of war and crime, and the